All things be dear but poor Mens

Labour; Or, The ſad Complaint of Poor People.

Being a true Relation of the dearneſs of all kind of Food, to the great Grief and Sorrow of many Thouſands in this Nation.

Likewiſe, the uncharitableneſs of Rich Men to the Poor. This Song was begun at *Worceſter*, the midle at *Shrewsbury*, the end at *Coventry*. By *L. W.*

To the Tune of, *Hold Buckle and Thong together.*

KInd Country-men liſten I pray
unto this my harmleſs Ditty,
Obſerve theſe words which I ſhall ſay
for it is true the more the pitty;
But chief to thoſe that ſtand me by,
whether Stranger, or my neighbour
I think here's none that can deny.
all things are dear but poor man's labour,

We find that Bread-Corn now is dear,
in every Town throughout this Nation,
The Rich now poor men will not hear
becauſe Charity's out of fashion,
Many men do work all day
for what they earn it is gone
And [illegible]

Beef and Mutton is so dear
a mans weeks wages cannot buy it,
There's great complaints in every place,
all things are dear who can deny it,
But poor mens labour is too cheap, (der
and Trading's dead which makes times har-
That all their pains wont find them meat
all things, &c.

Cheſe and Butter is so dear
you know it better than I can tell ye
Unmade [illegible] bear
[illegible] their belly.
[illegible]

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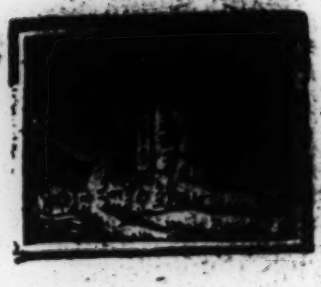

IT makes my very heart to ake,
to hear poor people thus complaining,
For all their care and pains they take,
rich men the poor are still disdaining,
But let Rich Misers consider well
the poor, and shew to them some favour
Or else their Souls will hang in Hell,
all things, &c.

Is it not sad for Parents now,
to hear their Children for bread crying,
And has it not for them to give
although for food they lye a dying,
For little Babies they must fast,
although it grieves Mother and Father,
A bit of bread they cannot taste,
all things &c.

To hear the many sad Complaints,
as I have heard in Town and City,
I think you'd cry as well as I,
the Rich has for the Poor no pitty
For if they work now for Rich men, (them
theres some will keep their Wages from
And make them run to and agen,
Which makes the Poor cry fye upon them.

Farmers so covetous now they be,
their Corn they'l hoard for better profit
Although the Poor do fast we see.
their grain they'l keep what ere comes of it
Whole Ricks of Corn Barns in their yards
and lofts to shew the Poor some favour
For some do swear they do not care,
if things be dear, but poor mans labour.

A Rich man there was in Stafford-shire,
which is a Knave, I'me sure no better
He hop'd to sell his Corn so dear
e're long as Grocers do their Pepper.
When wheat was sold for shillings ten
he would not Break, Fan, nor yet take it
Let poor despair, he oft did swear,
heed keep it for a better market.

Too many there is of such base men,
all England round in Town and City,
They'l see the poor starve at their door
before they'l shew them any pity;
For some will make poor men to work,
all day and night for little favour,
For Rich men be, cruel we see,
all things be dear but poor mens labour.

But thanks to God Corn falls apace,
and all things else that's for the belly,
Yet still it doth go bad with some
although they work full hard I tell you,
Six-pence a day, is now the pay
for a days work, and held a favour,
This must maintain Wife and Babes
all thing be dear, &c.

So to conclude, lets be content
with what the Lord doth please to send us,
Let us our evil Ways repent,
then in our ways God will defend us:
And let rich men be merciful
unto the poor Strangers as neighbour,
For all do know, unto their woe
all things be dear but poor mens labour.

Printed for J Clark *at the* Bible *and* Harp *in West-smithfield.*